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MARCH 12, 1908

# • LIFE •

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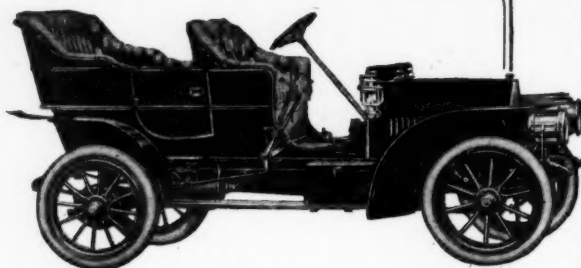
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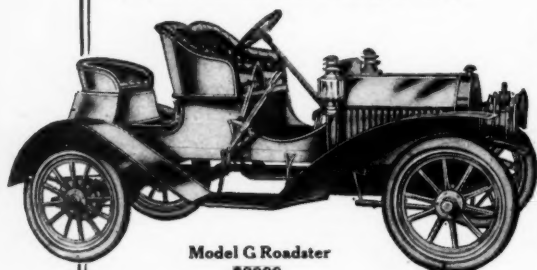
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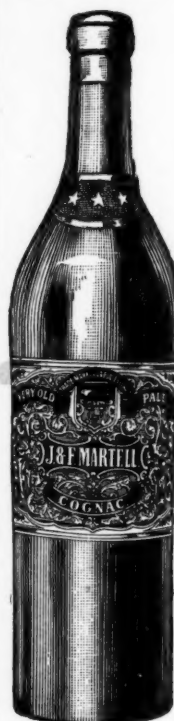


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# LIFE

## Happiness by Compulsion

THE powers who dwell in Albany are working, so they say,  
To fix the laws of marriage in a rather drastic way.  
If wives and husbands go to court to raise domestic wail  
The plaintiff is rewarded—the defendant goes to jail.  
This law makes separation  
A criminal relation

And brings the naughty felons due remorse.  
The pairs who fight and wrangle  
Must avoid a legal tangle.

By law they are harmonious, of course—  
And no divorce.

They say the Pope has taken from the pairs that separate  
The papal dispensation which he gave to some of late.  
The Church declares that couples who are married and divide  
(Whatever comes between them) future hope shall be denied.  
However false their union,  
Deny to them communion

Should they beseech release from any source.  
Though couples hate profoundly,  
And beat each other roundly,  
The Church insures their happiness, of course—  
And no divorce.

And yet the law continues at the same unstinted rate  
To give unquestioned licenses to pairs who rashly mate;  
The Church makes no objection, draws the knot and calls it right  
When Evil marries Virtue and John Black weds Lily White.  
Although they should be cooing  
Till Judgment Day, and wooing,

It's queer that they should scold till they are hoarse.  
They shouldn't be sarcastic,  
For words ecclesiastic

Have coupled them till death do part, of course—  
And no divorce.

For marriage is peculiar, as the modern prophets tell;  
Some have their birth in heaven, others are conspired in hell.  
When marriage is successful, law and church hold not its fanes;  
When marriage is a failure, shall it rot among its chains?  
With man and wife contented  
There's not a law invented

Can make the couple happier, of course.  
Whom Satan draws asunder,  
Estranged for life—I wonder,

Can man-made rules their happiness enforce  
By "No Divorce?" *Wallace Irwin.*

## We Breathe More Easily

NOW that Captain Van Shaick, of the ill-fated excursion boat, *General Slocum*, has been finally sentenced to ten years in prison the world heaves a prodigious sigh of intense relief. From now on, or at least for ten years, one may go upon an excursion with absolute impunity, knowing that the boat has been duly inspected, is not overcrowded and is in the hands of a competent and trustworthy captain. One will know, moreover, that the life-preservers are not made out of sponges, crowbars or brickbats. We are certainly living in an age of progress.

If some one would only take up the trust question with the



He: TAKE ME ALONG WITH YOU DURING LENT OR I WON'T PLAY  
WITH YOU ANY MORE

same spirit of equity and hang Morgan's office boy or string up Rockefeller's gardener by the thumbs, it is difficult to see what more there would be to do, unless it might be deemed advisable to electrocute one or two scene-shifters in some theatre which has not sufficient fire-escapes.

*Ellis O. Jones.*

## Sollicitous

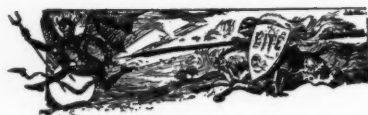
HOST: Have you seen the wedding gifts, old man?

GUEST: No, not yet.

"Well, wait a moment. I'll get one of the detectives to escort you through."

"REGARDS of me and my people," cables our gallant Colonel-President to the Peruvian Executive. Whereat Uncle Sam grins, the malefactors snort, and Colonel Bryan makes an entry in his note-book about Presidential etiquette.





"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LI. MARCH 12, 1908 No. 1324

Published by  
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY  
J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.  
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.



HAS District Attorney Jerome attended faithfully to his business or not? This long time we have wanted to know. The *World*, and other observers of public affairs, have been proclaiming for months past that Mr. Jerome has not done, and would not do, his duty. It is a question for experts whether that is true or not. The weightiest complaint that has been made of him has been that he has failed to run down and punish certain "great insurance and traction criminals" who had an urgent claim on his attentions. Others besides the *World* are of this opinion, and accusations in support of it have been so freely and constantly made and repeated that, without doubt, Mr. Jerome's reputation has suffered and a considerable proportion of the voters who were his enthusiastic supporters when he ran as an independent candidate for his present office have come to suspect that when they reelected him they got a gold brick.

Mr. Jerome may be satisfied with his own course, and may not care at all what the *World* thinks of him, or what his reputation as a public officer may be among people who lack the knowledge of facts and of law to form an intelligent estimate of his administration of his office. It seems to us, however, that his reputation has been a valuable public asset, which cannot be marked "not good" without serious loss. If the accusations against him are not well founded we would like to know it, but we want a dispassionate and trustworthy opinion about it; one based on due knowledge and submitted by a qualified authority.

It may be that we are to have such an

opinion. Formal charges against Mr. Jerome have been sent to the Governor by Mr. William F. King, chairman of a committee of the stockholders of the Metropolitan Railway. Mr. King and his associates make twenty-two charges of misconduct or neglect against Mr. Jerome, including failures to prosecute George W. Perkins, James H. Hyde, A. N. Brady, Thomas F. Ryan, sundry high officials of the New York Central Railroad, John B. McDonald and other well-known men for alleged violations of law.



THESE charges being specific and formally made by responsible men to the Governor it seems possible that they may bring out a statement that will carry some weight. It is quite possible that by running amuck and indicting everybody in sight Mr. Jerome might have won for himself an enormous popular reputation, but got no convictions to speak of, and accomplished nothing of real value to the public. He might have done much mischief, much injustice, and yet, by running with the crowd, have kept himself in high favor with the voters. On the other hand it may be true that he has been lenient with powerful rogues. What is the truth about it? Has the District Attorney stood out like an upright officer against a clamor that urged him to action contrary to his judgment and his oath, or has he really failed in momentous duties that the people trusted him boldly to undertake and austere perform?

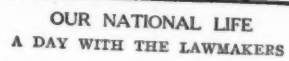
Perhaps Governor Hughes, himself a lawyer, will shed some helpful light on this important question so perplexing to the laity.



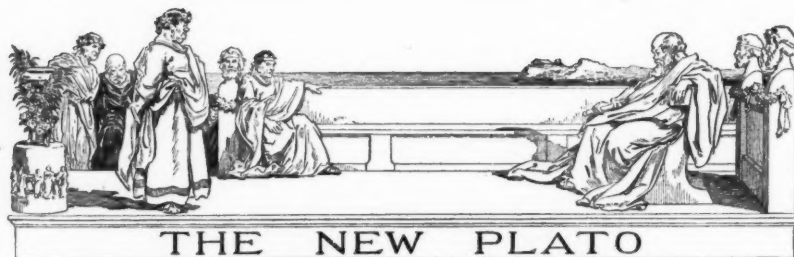
SOMETIMES we wonder whether ever in our country's history the mass of intense, vote-making belief was ever so large in proportion to the knowledge of the facts on which the belief purports to rest. Consider what the malefactors, represented, say, by the *Sun*, are able to believe about President Roosevelt! Is

there any act of political turpitude or reckless demagoguery of which they think him incapable? Consider what President Roosevelt seems able to believe about the malefactors. Is there any incredible conspiracy or rascality with which he is not ready to credit them? Consider Mr. Morgan, whom our able neighbor the *World* holds up from time to time as a designing villain, reaching out a strong hand after corrupt bargains in bonds. How extraordinarily vague and loose is the public knowledge of Mr. Morgan's character and record, compared with the public familiarity with the man. Consider Mr. Harriman, who might doubtless be a safer man if he wore mittens, and still active enough if he was hobbled, but whose enterprises it is far from easy for a novice in affairs to weigh in the scales of justice. Think even of Mr. Thomas Ryan, if you can, without too many tremors of apprehension; do you feel sure that you know precisely which cell Mr. Ryan belongs in, and are you quite confident that we would all be better and richer for his being there? And while you are considering, consider Upton Sinclair's portrait of New York society in the *American Magazine*, and see how near you can come to believing that the figures there disclosed stand for anything that ever really wore clothes and had the gift of speech and represented anything but an all-night dance-hall or a madhouse.

The trouble with times, they tell us, is lack of confidence. If that makes business bad, no wonder it's bad. Has not the proportion of pink devils with blue tails in our population come to be somewhat too large? Have we not grown to be too credulous of the unworthiness of our fellow-creatures, and not nearly credulous enough of their consoling human qualities? Perhaps the trouble with Mr. Jerome has been that an extensive experience in prosecuting criminals has taught him to look sharper for the possibilities of innocence, or at least of technical legality, than present fashions condone. If we are ever to be really happy again we must contrive somehow to think better of one another. Being angry with the wicked may be good for our moral standards, but so long as we put in the bulk of our time in that exercise, other equally improving and more profitable pursuits will suffer from neglect.



OUR NATIONAL LIFE  
A DAY WITH THE LAWMAKERS



### The Missionary

(The dialogue is supposed to be related by Adeimantus of Melita)

WE WENT immediately to the house of Antiphon, and there, after persuasion, he repeated to me what had taken place at the time Socrates met Apollinaris, the missionary, who had returned from his residence among the heathen. Apollinaris was at the time of his visit about sixty-five years old, very white for his age, with evangelical sideboards, and he had labored hard in many vineyards to convert the heathen.

There were certain tracts which Apollinaris insisted upon reading aloud, having been issued by the Foreign Missionary Society at something less than two hundred per cent. profit; and this having been done, Socrates said: What do you mean, Apollinaris, when you assert that converting all people to your own idea is a sacred duty, and that thinking alike for all is a necessity? Where there is a like there must be an unlike, but you assert that this is not so, but that there is only a like. Do I understand you correctly?

That is right, said Apollinaris. There can be no unlike but only like, and by like I mean only that which I believe in, as opposed to all other false doctrines.

And your object is to convert the world to your own view, and to do this you would use any means within your power, that is, killing and slaying and milder persuasions if necessary, and this under the pretense of piety.

Yes, anything.

Very well. And I think I understand you, Apollinaris, when I say that you maintain here at home a vast establishment for the promulgation of your particular belief in other parts of the world, and this is contributed to by many faithful, and that it occupies expensive buildings and pays its officers handsome salaries for doing this very thing that you are speaking about. Am I right about this, Apollinaris?

There is some truth in what you say, Socrates, replied Apollinaris, stroking his beard meditatively, for, indeed, you, I perceive, are as keen as a Spartan hound upon the scent in some of these things. But for me, I am an earnest man, and have nothing to do with these home matters, only my object is to convert the heathen to my own view and I will do anything for this.

Let me understand you clearly, Apollinaris. When you speak of view, you mean a belief, do you not?

Yes. Belief is what I mean.

And there is no other belief but yours.

Oh, yes. But they are false.

And yours is the true belief.

I should maintain that is so.

And the false is not the true, neither is the true the false. Is that what you maintain?

You are right in that, Socrates.

And that which is false, is false only to that which is true, but it is not false to that which is false.

I do not think I catch your meaning.

There are the false and the true.

Certainly.

And if the true were not true to itself it would not be true.

That appears to be so.

And if the true were not false to itself then it would not be false.

Certainly.

And if it were not false to that which is true, then it would not be true to that which is false.

Yes.

Would you say, then, Apollinaris, that that which is false is true?

I am tired of hearing you talk that way, Socrates, because there appears to be little sense in what you are saying. And I should think you would know better than that.

But I assure you, Apollinaris, that I am only trying to learn from you, and in order to make myself still more obscure, this being correct from a philosophical

standpoint, let me ask you a simple question. Is the true true to itself, or is it true to the false?

To itself, certainly.

But not to the false.

No. I should say it was not.

Then you are false to the false because you are true to yourself.

Yes, that must be so.

And if the false is true, as you have just admitted, then you are true only to yourself but not to any one else who is true.

I should say that was so.

Then, O Apollinaris, if this be so, your life has been in vain, for you have maintained that you were true to others when you were only so to yourself, and in doing this you have been guilty of many crimes, for you have dealt with innocent and simple people discourteously by living among them and breaking up their homes by insisting upon doctrines which are true only for yourself but false for them, and you have taught them many hateful practices which they never knew before, such as rum drinking, instead of minding your own business and making it impossible for rascals at home to extort money to pay themselves exorbitant salaries to maintain a hypocritical institution. Is this true or is it not true, Apollinaris, for I would have you know that I am a beginner myself?

At this Apollinaris began to look over his tracts to find one appropriate, but Socrates interrupted him, saying, as he rose from his couch:

Before we proceed with the argument I wish, Apollinaris, you would step across the way with me to the house of one just off the Agora. He is a barber.

And what would you have him do?

At this Socrates smiled.

O Apollinaris, I do not like your beard, and I wish you would have it removed at once, for it does not agree with me, and it is not according to my view of life at all. Therefore I must request you to do as I say, or I shall force you to it, because you have no right to wear a beard while I am talking if I maintain that you should not.

I think, said Zeno, the Eleatic, who had just come in, that Socrates is certainly going to an extreme, and I should advise you, he said, turning to Apollinaris, not to obey him, for surely every man has a right to wear a beard.

I shall certainly do so, said Apolli-





"OH, MERCY! GEORGE, DO TAKE YOUR ARM AWAY, QUICK! SOMETHING SEEMS TO TELL ME THAT PAPA IS APPROACHING"

naris, glaring at Socrates. And as you say, Zeno, I have a right to it, and it becomes me very well, and I do not believe, so far as I am concerned, that I could dwell comfortably with the Gods if it should be removed, and it seems to be discourteous in Socrates to suggest such a thing, not to say narrow-minded. And I shall certainly maintain my freedom in this respect.

Very well, said Socrates, with a smile. If you, Apollinaris, insist upon wearing your beard after what I have said, it may remain for the present; but I

assure you that I shall bring up the matter before the Council and see that this beard pays a proper tribute for the maintenance of the Army and Navy. And I am greatly surprised, O Apollinaris, that you, who are a missionary, do not at once perceive the logic of my demand.

"WERE the amateur theatricals good?"

"Splendid! I never saw anything worse."

### A Bloodthirsty Woman

'TIS an ancient truth that the unintentionally funny things are by far the funniest.

The president of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has become an advocate of vivisection. That this lady, Mrs. Cadwalader Jones, should change her mind is not astonishing. That is a woman's privilege.

What clever experimenter has been hypnotizing this surprising lady?



MIDDLEBROOK, VA.:

*Editor Life*—It is to be admitted, reluctantly, that the first ending of "A Story with an Unsolved Problem," published in *LIFE* February 6—that one showing Vaine succumbing to the lure of popular success instead of flouting it and remaining in unshaken constancy to the Ideal—is more in keeping with "the tendency of the times" we are so fond of lamenting about.

Art for Art's sake is the standard of a few strong souls, as it has been in every time, but unless these have been great and gifted and compelling enough to arrest a part of the unesthetic throng and create a following, they have been altruists or, more often, starlings outside this throng of Philistinism from which, only, can recognition of a substantial sort come. Usually, such are forced to take precarious refuge in the mongrel sort of Bohemianism which, in this country, seems to shelter only the might-have-beens and has-beens. For the artists, or those acclaimed as such, are, to-day, not separated from the social world—the world of Mammon—but are of it, and its understanding is not of ideals but of success.

Now, who that is not strong enough to take the whole responsibility of, say, the reform of popular drama on his own shoulders and carry it to some semblance of advancement, can quite withstand the temptation of the guarantee of a pot kept boiling over and against the prospect of following, in comparative loneliness and obscurity, the Ideal of Art?

INTERESTED READER.

February 16, 1908.

BOZEMAN, MONT.:

*Dear Life*—I made a vow that if the last number of your paper had a single word about your twenty-fifth anniversary I would never buy it again, and lo and behold there was another of those hoary old chestnuts. I will give you one more chance and if I see any reference again I will quit and for good.

How can you think that the public cares one atom what age you have attained; all we want is live, fresh matter, wit and sarcasm, and humor, and pathos, but *never* a word of self-laudation.

Don't you know that?

Very truly yours,

February 17, 1908.

Q.

Yes, we know that. But is it self-laudation when your friends say pleasant things about you? Must we toss into the waste basket all these hearty congratu-

tions? No, we have not the heart. It is not vanity, Q, that we are displaying.

You must not give up.

DEAR LIFE:

Kindly permit an anti-vaccinationist to give to your recent correspondent the "reason for the faith that is in us," and say

—that we anti-vaccinationists are a consistent enemy of the same because we dread the baneful and often disastrous results of the practice, different (apparently irrelevant) ailments developing as after-effects—poisoning of the blood, constitutional debility, and prolonged invalidism. We believe that if the money that is annually spent on vaccination were applied to ridding the city of its thousands of cesspools, cleaning its streets and back yards, to proper disinfection and to the enforcement of all sanitary laws; and if the public were as thoroughly drilled in the saving power of cleanliness, fresh air, pure food and the laws of health generally as they are in the alleged efficiency of putrid and diseased calf pus, smallpox would die a natural death like the black plague (which at that time mystified the world as a dispensation from an angered God) and other scourges of medieval times which have yielded to simple sanitary measures. Expert medical opinion is hopelessly divided upon every phase of the vaccination question.

Our learned "authorities" seriously differ on every important point—such as the number of marks necessary, the proper kind of lymph, the length of the period of "protection," and the value of revaccination.

The vaccination superstition—as it seems to us—has been so thoroughly exploded, its claims and theories so completely demolished by many of the ablest scientific minds of the age, and its grave dangers so abundantly proved, that its legal enforcement, wherever attempt is made to enforce it, we hold to be a crime against

PERSONAL LIBERTY.

NEW YORK.

K. G.

DEAR LIFE:

As an old friend I take the liberty to warn you against a free play of your convictions. Convictions have no place in this sort of republic. Keep your ear alert to the pulse of the counting-room. Don't reprint cuts from *Wilshire's* if you value your desirability as a citizen and your respectability as a member of society as she is. You "literary fellows," along with artists and scien-

tists, appear to have a diabolical tendency to nonconformity. Shun it, shunt it, kill it. It leads far away from Easy Street. And you fellows love luxury.

I used to spend two dollars and a half to five dollars per month on Socialism and literary luxury. Then I made a measly living. Now I'm a Government pauper and every ten cents for *LIFE* "looks like thirty cents." But I can't keep the ten cents in my pocket as long as *LIFE* is in sight. I sometimes wish you would raise to fifty cents. That would be prohibitive to yours truly.

If I were a Democrat (not a democratic Democrat, but a *simple* Democrat), I'd know that "Billie Brine" is the man to nominate, simply because the retainers of capitalism are almost unanimous in the assertion that he's the most *unavailable* candidate the Dems can take up. There's pure reason enuf.

You keep close to the shore of public opinion and don't get careless. The "Government" might get hold of you.

Yours f. t. r.,

AN OLD SOLDIER.

From Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

*Dear Sir*—All honor to *LIFE* on its twenty-fifth anniversary! It has long been the opinion of the writer that *LIFE* is our representative American publication. *LIFE* is always on the right side, on the humane side, on the enlightened side, on the decent side of every question. Above all, it has been our noblest champion of helpless dumb animals. Let us rejoice at this par-



OFF FOR A MUCH-NEEDED REST





THE NEW YORK AND PARIS AUTO RACE—TIRE TROUBLE IN SIBERIA

ticular moment! LIFE has not hesitated to express its contempt for what it so properly describes as John D. Rockefeller's new "Hall of Agony."

Sincerely yours,  
MARY D. FISKE.

February 14, 1908.

**L**IFE PUBLISHING COMPANY:  
*Gentlemen*—The following incident happened at the Pennsylvania Railroad Twenty-third Street Station:

SCENE: The usual crowd of cabs, people and newsboys.

Leaning up against a window, next to the entrance, was a very, very intoxicated man, feet out in front of him and head swaying from side to side, unable to stand alone. A little newsboy about nine years old stood in front of him, and with one hand, fingers outspread against the man's stomach, was trying to hold him up, while in the other hand he had a bundle of evening papers. After holding the man a few seconds, he called out to another urchin: "Aw, you come and hold him now; I got'er sell me papers!"

Yours truly,  
H. L. BETTCHER.

February 8, 1908.

#### Opportune Self-Effacement

**A**CCORDING to last advices, our approaching war with Japan is not, after all, to be embarrassed by a distracting social conflict in Chicago, where, until just the other day, Mr. J. Ogden Armour's coachman and Mrs. Potter Palmer's coachman were at odds over a question of precedence in connection with the grand ball of the "coachmen, maids and butlers of the truly elite." Mrs. Potter Palmer's coachman, it now transpires, has patriotically yielded and his timely magnanimity solves the alarming nodus. While Mr. J. Ogden Armour's coachman has, perhaps, in the happy phrase of the society columns, absorbed

the situation, it is Mrs. Potter Palmer's coachman who merits especially well of his country. An heroic statue of him, mounted on his box, is the least which will satisfy a great nation's just sense of gratitude.

Ramsey Benson.

#### Suspicious?

**C**OUNT LADISLAUS SZÉCHÉNYI, who married Miss Vanderbilt, is said to have exclaimed when beset by camera fiends in London, "Are we suspicious characters?"

Our answer to that question would be in the negative. He certainly procured it honestly; that is, honestly, compared with many American financiers. And if the average American citizen who has happened to think of the matter considers Count Széchenyi a suspicious character it doesn't really follow that he really is, don't you know.

#### The Wrong One

**L**ADY: I'm looking for a governess for my children.

MANAGER OF INTELLIGENCE OFFICE: Didn't we supply you with one last week?

"Yes."

"Well, madam, according to her report, you don't need a governess. You need a lion-tamer."



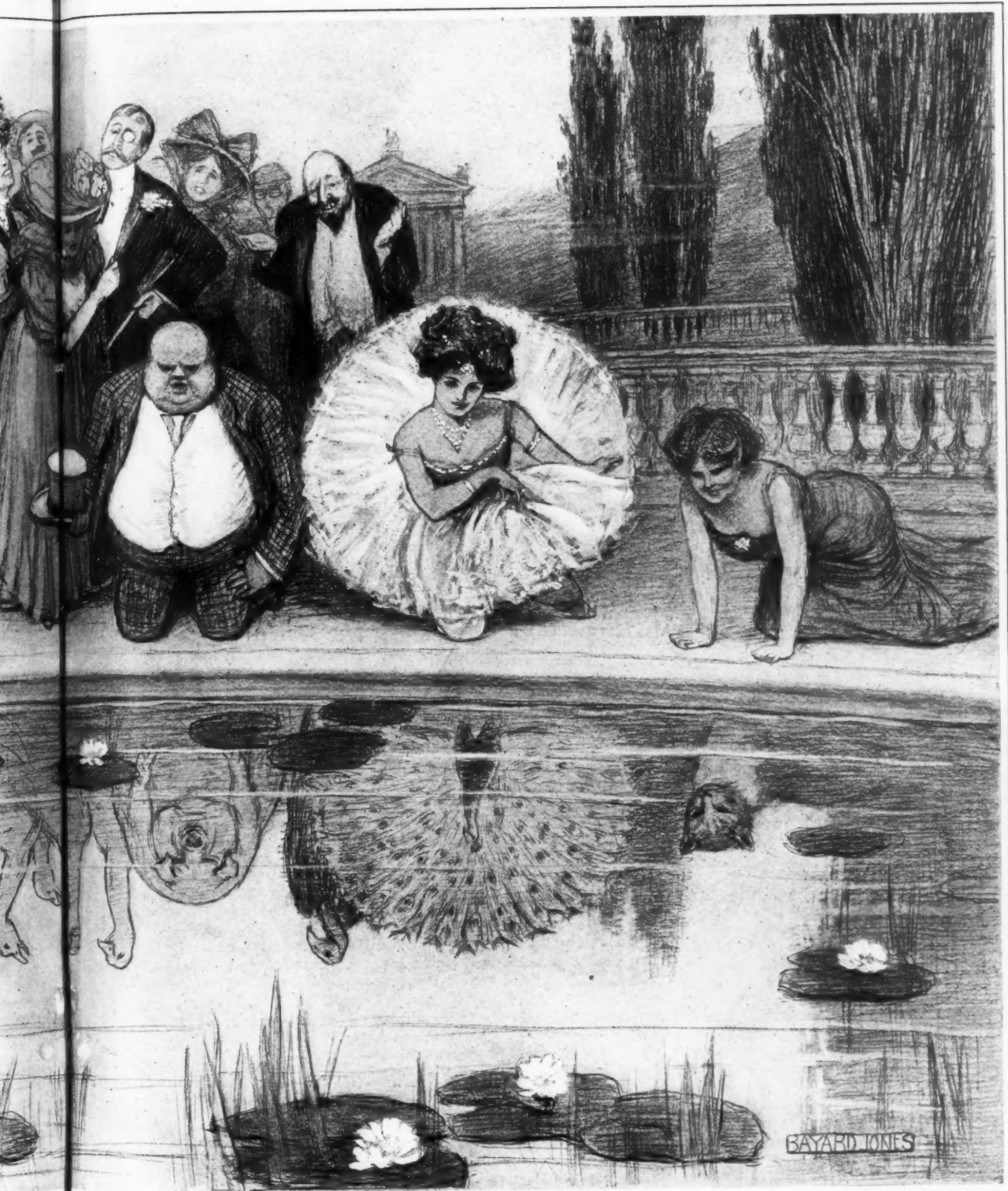
Blush not if on your winsome charms I cast  
a vagrant eye—  
The cast is permanent, I could not help it if  
I'd try.

Copyright 1908 by Life Publishing Company



OH, WAD SOME PETER THE GIP  
TO SEE OURSEL'S OTHERS SE

This picture, drawn by Bayard Jones, New York, was awarded a  
best illustration of the quotation



D SOME FOR THE GIFTIE GIE US  
OURSEL'S OTHERS SEE US!—Burns

Bayard Jones, New York, was awarded a prize of \$250 in LIFE's contest for the best illustration of the quotation



## In Their Earlier Years



MR. JOHN DREW IN 1876

This is one of a collection of similar portraits loaned to LIFE for reproduction. If any of our readers have early photographs of well-known persons which they would like to see perpetuated in this form, we can assure the return of the originals in good condition.



## American and Russian

WE GLADLY rejoice over another strong and interesting play written by an American author and dealing with American life. Its plot might be laid in almost any country, but its types, good and bad, are thoroughly American.

It is well to note first that Mr. Eugene Walter secured a hearing for his "Paid in Full," not by the aid of any part of the great resources at the command of the Theatrical Trust, but in face of its for a long time active and finally passive opposition. Messrs. Wagenhals and Kemper, who are pretty plucky and independent young Americans, had the temerity to book the play at the Astor Theatre, and, as a result, have a success which is likely to fill that house for a long time to come. Incidentally, the day after the first performance, when there was no question of the pecuniary value of the play, a firm of managers closely allied to the Trust came down on the young author with threats of an injunction, based

on some vague claim to his services, unless he gave up to them a substantial part of the prospective profits of "Paid in Full." Fortunately, Mr. Walter was feeling fairly strong at that time and was able to call the bluff.

\* \* \*

THE Americans in "Paid in Full" are of ordinary walks in life and depend for their interest on their individual traits and not for giving audiences peeps into circles usually exclusive through their social or financial standing. It is an intensely human play and is not a case of "seeing New York," either Tenderloin, Bowery or Sherry's, through a dramatist's eyes. The author's persons are persons any of us might meet any day and not dream that back of their apparently commonplace lives there was real drama fit to be put on the stage and capable of holding mixed audiences in close attention.

LIFE has never believed that it was fair to its readers or to a dramatic novelty to betray its plot. There are few enough surprises left to theatre-goers any way and half the pleasure of a contemporary play is destroyed when we know in advance just what the story is. To speak of the characters, however, does not violate this principle. The matrimonial triangle is involved, but it is the American, not the French triangle, and the third member, although loving the wife, is first of all loyal friend to both her and her husband. They are all three clearly drawn. The wife is a fine American girl who does her full duty in the walk of life to which she is called. She seems to be recognized as a possible and real person in spite of the tendency of newspapers and current publications to make us believe that she is an extinct species. The friend is a plain, ordinary, young citizen, who unostentatiously does his duty, as he sees it, with considerable resolution and acumen, which, with a certain underlying, manly sweetness of character, endear him to every spectator. In the husband the author has drawn as fine a picture of the weak-willed American cad as it is ever one's fortune to see on or off the stage. *Captain Williams*, a sort of *deus ex machina* necessary to the plot, is a more dramatic character and is therefore more theatrical, but he is a fine study in mental and moral motives and is well within the bounds of credibility. The other characters are the mother-in-law, made a little too much of the stage kind, a nice young sister-in-law and a Japanese servant.

In the selection of his characters as well as in placing the scenes of the action Mr. Walter has shown that under skilful treatment the most unpromising American material may be made to yield dramatic results of interest and value.

MME. VERA F. KOMISARZHEVSKY,  
THE RUSSIAN ACTRESS

UCH excellent acting as is done in all these parts shows, as have the accomplishments of Mr. Platt at the Madison Square Theatre, that acting talent still exists in

America, if intelligence can also be found to select it properly and direct its work. The husband by Mr. Tully Marshall, the wife by Lillian Albertson, the friend, *James Smith*, by Mr. Ben Johnson and the *Captain Williams* by Mr. Frank Sheridan were delightful impersonations. Singly and in working together these artists gave a performance which was smooth and unexaggerated almost to the point of perfection attained by the stock companies of other days. The same intelligence shown in the stage management was also evident in the settings.

"Paid in Full" as a play and its performance is a very bright spot in a period of theatrical gloom. And it is to be observed that of four notable plays by American authors produced this season—"The Witching Hour," "The Worth of a Woman,"

"The Warrens of Virginia" and the present success—not one of them has had the backing of the Theatrical Trust.

VERY beautiful, expressive dark eyes, whose effectiveness was lessened by too much make-up, an interesting and mobile face, somewhere between pretty and handsome, a not particularly good figure nor graceful carriage, medium stature and a voice without one musical note, describes the physical qualities of Mme. Vera Komisarzhovsky, the Russian actress, who has just started to try her fortunes in America.

No doubt news of the *dilettante* and financial success of Mme. Nazimova has spread abroad and is responsible for this venture. The newcomer acts on more legitimate lines and is not likely to pique curiosity as has her predecessor. Nor is she likely to arouse the same fashionable interest. That interest, being sheep-like in character, rarely turns twice in the same direction and one Russian actress is probably sufficient to it for a long time to come. Besides that, Mme. Nazimova learned enough English and sufficiently overcame her Russian intonation to be understandable at times. Mme. Komisarzhovsky labors under the very serious burden of playing all her rôles in Russian. As there are comparatively few Russians in New York, and as the knowledge of no other language assists in the understanding of Russian, her possible audiences will probably be limited in number.

FOR her first appearance the Russian artist selected Ibsen's "A Doll's House," probably relying on the familiarity of Americans with the play to make it possible for them to understand her work. This selection was a mistake if the part of *Nora* is a fair measure of her powers, which seems doubtful in view of the greatness claimed for her. She challenges comparison with other *Noras* and suffers by the comparison. Even Mrs. Fiske's faults of enunciation pale by contrast with the nasal and guttural delivery of the actress from St. Petersburg. To be sure, those tones seem to adapt themselves to the hard Russian consonant combinations, but the entire result is anything but pleasant to the American ear.

In the interpretation of *Nora* Mme. Komisarzhovsky failed almost entirely to realize as we understand them the light and bird-like qualities of the character. No matter how real her trouble in fact, this levity was the dominant motive of *Nora's* make-up and actions, and, while it was indicated by the actress at moments, the serious and even tragic note was more constantly in evidence. She approached it nearest in the important scene with *Dr. Rank*, which in the Russian version contains some humor that Mr. Archer has eliminated in his English translation out of deference to the British young person. The Russian artist has herself invited the comparison and it may truly be said that Mrs. Fiske gives a much more pleasing and a much more intelligent performance. Even Mme. Nazimova with her eccentricities seemed to get a good deal closer to the Ibsenian intention.

It is, perhaps, not fair to judge Mme. Komisarzhovsky solely on her performance in a rôle which may have been selected for other reasons than to display her powers at their best. But if she is at her best as *Nora*, the art of acting in Russia or her position in the profession has been incorrectly described in her preliminary announcements.

Metcalfe.



Academy of Music—Last week of Mr. Eddie Foy and company in "The Orchid." Diverting musical concoction.

Astor—"Paid in Full." See opposite.

Belasco—"The Warrens of Virginia," by Mr. William C. DeMille. Charming war play, well staged and agreeably acted by well-chosen company headed by Mr. Frank Keenan and Miss Charlotte Walker.



A VIEW OF THE UNITED STATES ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY

Casino—Mr. Sam Bernard in "Nearly a Hero." Frivolous musical play with some fun, some music and lots of chorus girls.

Criterion—"Miss Hook of Holland." Pleasant and dainty musical comedy from London.

Daly's—Mme. Komisarzhovsky in repertory. See opposite.

Empire—Mr. William H. Crane in "Father and the Boys." Notice later.

Hackett—"The Witching Hour," by Mr. Augustus Thomas. Most interesting play dealing with telepathy and other psychic phenomena. Well acted by Mr. John Mason, Mr. Russ Whytal and good company.

Herald Square—"The Girl Behind the Counter." Musical farce with large company, headed by Mr. Lew Fields. Amusing.

Hippodrome—"The Battle of Port Arthur." Military spectacle. "The Four Seasons." Gorgeous ballet with musical and circus features.

Lincoln Square—"In the Bishop's Carriage."

Lyric—Mr. E. H. Sothern in "The Fool Hath Said There Is No God." Notice later.

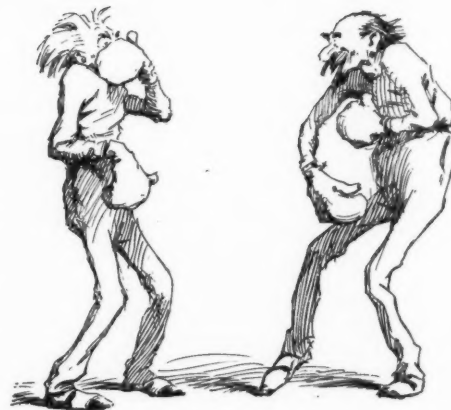
Majestic—Williams and Walker in "Bandanna Land." Music, dancing and fun by colored performers.

Manhattan Opera House—Grand opera under the direction of Mr. Oscar Hammerstein.

Stuyvesant—Mr. David Warfield and carefully chosen cast in "The Music Master." A charming comedy admirably acted.

Weber's Music Hall—Burlesque on "The Merry Widow." Funny and musical.

West End—Dramatic attractions with weekly change of bill.



HERREN HOCH AND DUEHR HAVING BEEN APPOINTED TO THE DIPLOMATIC SERVICE AT WASHINGTON, TAKE UP A COURSE OF STUDIES THAT THEY HOPE WILL MAKE THEM POPULAR AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

### Little Incidents of Heroism



OUR women are seated about a bridge-table. The game is finished and they are all chatting a few moments preparatory to leaving.

FIRST LADY (*drawing on her gloves*): Are you all going South this winter?

The other three answer her in chorus, very firmly: "No. Oh, no."

SECOND LADY: No, indeed. As I said to my husband at breakfast this morning, "I positively refuse to go to Palm Beach. It is entirely too much bother to get a lot of clothes; and, then, I cannot, I will not leave you." I am so ridiculously fond of my home, you know; really the most domestic creature that ever lived. I will not go.

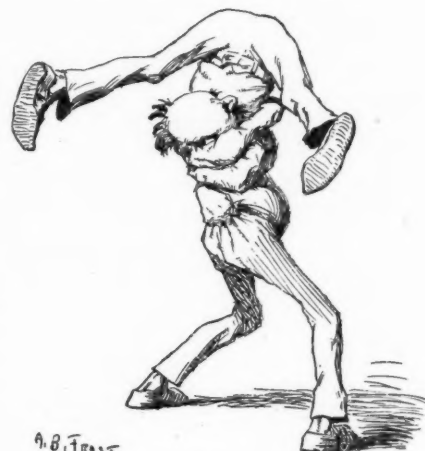
THIRD LADY: Indeed, dear, I am exactly the same. You can't imagine any one more so. But I have been so wretched lately. Quite well enough to go out, you know; but utterly miserable. My doctor said to me only yesterday: "You are one of those high-strung, nervous organizations who simply collapse if you do not have a certain amount of change and excitement; but you are overdoing the matter and you must cut down your list of amusements." Of course, I thoroughly realized the truth of what he said; but what to cut? I have to appear at the opera two evenings a week, I must keep

up my bridge, and one must show one's self at the houses of one's friends. Those are duties. So I thought and thought and finally decided to make a Lenten sacrifice and give up church; just temporarily, of course. But my doctor feels that even that is not enough. He said to me to-day: "You need the relaxing Southern climate for those nerves of yours. You are keyed up like a violin—the slightest jar, you know"—But I still refuse to go.

FOURTH LADY: Well, I said to my husband very firmly last night: "I don't want to go South this year. I hate the very thought of it, but since my precious little Mouflon, my darling dog, you know, died, the house is unbearable; so lonely and dreary. I must have change or I shall grow terribly morbid; and he said: "Dearest"—

FIRST LADY: It's my lungs, you know. They have never been strong and they always trouble me at this time of the year; and my husband shows a lack of solicitude that is very hard to bear. He insists that he has lost so much money that he can't afford to send me anywhere. So absurd! And to convince him of the necessity of change for me, I had to sit up in bed two whole nights coughing steadily until my throat is perfectly raw with the effort. But under the circumstances, nothing shall induce me to go.

THIRD LADY: It's hard, isn't it? Are



your gowns home yet? Mine came yesterday. I'm having them packed to-day.

SECOND LADY: Mine are awaiting me in Paris. I'll get them on my way to the Riviera.

FOURTH LADY: Mine have been delayed, and I wanted to start for Santa Barbara this week.

FIRST LADY: Oh, you're all leaving this week. I'm not off to Palm Beach until next Monday. Do you know—(pausing, as if struck by a new idea)—I do believe we're, every one of us, going to sacrifice ourselves and go, after all.

Mrs. Wilson Woodrow.

FIRST BOOK REVIEWER: Bobbins seems to be getting up quite a reputation as an author.

SECOND BOOK REVIEWER: Yes, I foresee the time when we will simply be forced to read his books.





*The Professor's Wife: YOU HAVEN'T KISSED ME FOR A WEEK.  
The Professor (absently): ARE YOU SURE? THEN WHO IS IT I HAVE BEEN KISSING?*

### The Commuter

THE question as to whether the McAdoo tunnel, which connects Hoboken with Sixth Avenue, will at last bring New Jersey into the United States is a delicate one and should be prayerfully considered.

That it is possible to walk from the Jersey meadows to New York on dry land by going under the Hudson would seem to argue that New Jersey has at last come into her own.

Hitherto the Hoboken ferry boats have been the only links that have connected us with that region, inhabited mostly by commuters, that lies to the west.

This portion of the earth's surface, known as Jersey, has long been the lair of the commuter and, issuing from thence every morning, fierce bands of

these migratory tribes have descended upon the defenceless metropolis. At night they can be seen hurrying home, carrying their spoils with them.

These peculiar tribes have never been studied carefully by the scientist, for the reason that, being nomadic in their habits, they never stay long enough in one place to furnish any trustworthy data. On Sundays, clad in frock coats and silk hats, they can be seen walking with their young.

Some specimens are highly educated, having subscribed to *LIFE* for several years.

The question has often risen as to whether a commuter has a soul. It has been pointed out that among those commuters who travel on the Erie, it would be impossible, without souls, to furnish

such beautiful examples of resignation, patience under difficulties and supreme fortitude.

As a rule, the commuter is very friendly and easily approached. If he becomes confidential he will readily borrow money, and on the train will sit and tell you stories about his own family, thus keeping you from the vulgar influences of newspaper headlines.

He plays whist on the slightest provocation and you may often be drawn into a game with him whether you care to or not.

It is thought that in case of war with Japan the commuter will furnish some of our most serviceable material. He is inured to all the perils of climate and years of constant exposure have toughened him to endure any hardship.

### The Dog and His Master

NO DOUBT it is considerably to man's discredit that he will not stand comparison, as regards honesty and fidelity, with the dog. And yet, if man had been, from the beginning, as honest and faithful as the dog, where would he be now? Gnawing old bones in some superior being's back yard or taking some superior being's kicks, or dividing, with a slug of booze and a cigarette, the distinction of being some superior being's best friend?

We're a queer world and most anything is possible. Sometimes you will almost believe that humanity is intended to be human first of all, and perfect only as it finds it convenient. R. B.

GIVE an Irishman half a chance and he does well; give him none at all and he does better.

### In Boston

"YES, sir, before I was ten years old I knew everything."

"I suspected everything at six."



SELF-TAUT



# AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

## QUITE ANOTHER MATTER

"And you say this patent meter will actually reduce one's light bills, eh?" queried the prospective customer.

"No, you evidently misunderstood me," answered Mr. Graves, who was trying to follow in the footsteps of the immortal Washington. "I said it would reduce the consumption of light."—*Philippine Gossip.*

## ONCE IN A LIFETIME

It was a pitiful mistake,  
An error sad and grim.  
I waited for the railway train;  
The light was low and dim.

It came at last, and from the car  
There stepped a dainty dame,  
And, looking up and down the place,  
She straight unto me came.

"Oh, Jack!" she cried, "oh, dear old Jack!"  
And kissed me as she spake;  
Then looked again, and frightened, cried,  
"Oh, what a bad mistake!"

I said, "Forgive me, maiden fair,  
For I am not your Jack;  
And as regards the kiss you gave,  
I'll straightway give it back."

And since that night I've often stood  
Upon that platform dim,  
But only once in man's whole life  
Do such things come to him. —*The Traveller.*

ROBERT SMITH, brother of Sydney Smith, and an ex-Advocate-General, on one occasion engaged in an argument with a physician over the relative merits of their respective professions.

"I don't say that all lawyers are crooks," said the doctor, "but you'll have to admit that your profession doesn't make angels of men."

"No," retorted Smith, "you doctors certainly have the best of us there."—*Rochester Herald.*



He: LET ME LIGHT THE LIGHT.

She: THE IDEA! THAT WOULD BE HIGHLY IMPROPER.

## THE REAL NEED

"They say that laziness is caused by a germ. What a fine thing it would be if we could find something to kill the thing."

"Oh, no. I know something finer than that. Think how much nicer it would be if we could all find some way to gratify it."—*The Hebrew Standard.*

## THE ANTICIPATED INTERRUPTION

F. M. Bradley, the noted superintendent of the Sons of Temperance, was talking at a local hotel about temperance orators.

"The temperance orator of to-day," he said, "is always sure of a respectful hearing. In the past it was not so. At the beginning of the temperance movement drinking men came to our meetings for no other purpose than to interrupt and confuse. The orator had to be very careful in his remarks. He had to look out lest he give his hearers an opening for some opportune but ribald interruption."

Mr. Bradley gave a loud laugh.

"I remember," he said, "when they began temperance work here in Washington. A series of meetings was held in a large hall. The audiences were always numerous, but they interrupted horribly. In the end an ex-prizefighter was hired to sit every night in the obstreperous gallery and keep order there."

"Well, one night the orator contrasted the clean content of home life with the squalor of drunkenness. He spoke beautifully and at his climax he cried, in ringing, impassioned tones:

"What do we want when we return from our daily toil? What do we desire to ease our burdens, to gladden our hearts, to bring smiles to our faces and song to our lips?"

"Here the orator paused for effect and the conscientious prizefighter tip-toed hurriedly to the front of the gallery, shook his finger at his unruly charges, and said in a threatening stage whisper:

"Mind, the first feller among ye wot says 'Beer!'—out he goes!" —*Washington Star.*

## THE MAGNATES IN JAIL

"So you people put a couple of magnates in jail on heavy fines, did you?" asks the investigating reformer.

"Yes," replies the native. "We fined them the limit; they wouldn't pay and we put them in cells."

"That's a good example."

"Is it? Within two days they organized the prisoners, guards and jailers into the International Penalty Company, issued five hundred million in bonds, paid the fines of all the prisoners, left us with a mortgage on the jail and the court-house—and stuck the surplus money in their pockets."—*Chicago Evening Post.*

## DANIEL UP TO DATE

Jimmy, aged five, was told the story of Daniel in the lions' den, by his grandmother. When she had finished the story, she said, "Now what do you think Daniel did the very first thing when he found he was saved from the lions?"

"Oh, I guess he telephoned home to his wife to tell her he was all right," answered Jimmy.—*Harper's Monthly.*

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## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES

### AT BRIDGE

She trumped my ace; what could I do?  
The stakes were high, 'tis very true;  
But oh, her eyes are big and blue!  
I only smiled.

She led the king before their ace,  
And said: "Oh, pshaw! That's not the place!"  
And then she laughed into my face:  
"Now don't get riled!"

Then she revoked; we lost three tricks.  
She said: "Well, we are in a fix!  
I know you feel like throwing bricks,  
But don't get mad!"

We lost. I gave my I O U,  
For shekels are both far and few.  
She said: "I don't know what to do,  
I feel so bad!"

"It really was a perfect shamé!  
But, then, I never liked the game;  
Compared to hearts I think it tame—don't you?"  
I said: "I think so, too!" —Munsey's.

To break in new shoes, always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder, then patent leather can't crack.

AN INCIDENT of Dr. Muensterberg's visit in Buffalo that amused him greatly was the answer given by one of the pupils in the class in Roman history, at one of the high schools, to a somewhat exacting question put by the teacher. A lad was asked to state, concisely, in one sentence, the distinctive difference between the society of ancient Rome and that of the present day in America. After a moment's reflection the young fellow replied: "The distinctive difference between the society of ancient Rome and that of our day is that the father was the head of the Roman family!" The whole class shared Dr. Muensterberg's keen enjoyment of the palpable, though probably unconscious, hit.—*Buffalo Commercial*.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South.—*Booklet*.

### CASE FOR AN EXPERT

"Have you fixed up my will just the way I told you?" asked the sick man, who was the possessor of many needy relatives and some well-to-do but grasping ones.

"I have," asserted the lawyer.

"Just as strong and tight as you can make it, eh?" asked his client.

The lawyer nodded.

"All right," said the sick man. "Now I want to ask you one thing—not professionally—who do you think stands the best chance of getting the property when I'm gone?"—*Youth's Companion*.

### "It Wasn't an Eastman"

A careless young man out in No. Dak.  
Bought what he supposed was a Kodak;  
Though it looked like a "beaut"

"Twas a cheap substitute,—  
And the man wouldn't give him his Do Bak!

### CONFLICTING EVIDENCE

The venerable and learned Justice John M. Harlan, during a game of golf at Chevy Chase, explained the intricacies of evidence to a young man.

"Usually, in conflicting evidence," he said, "one statement is far more probable than the other, so that we can decide easily which to believe.

"It is like the boy and the house hunter.

"A house hunter, getting off a train at a suburban station, said to a boy:

"My lad, I am looking for Mr. Smithson's new block of semidetached cottages. How far are they from here?"

"About twenty minutes' walk," the boy replied.

"Twenty minutes!" exclaimed the house hunter. "Non-sense! The advertisement says five."

"Well," said the boy, "you can believe me or you can believe the advertisement; but I ain't tryin' to make no sale."—*Washington Star*.

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## The Literary Zoo -

### "Comparative Literature"

AN ESTEEMED book reviewer remarks that "comparative literature" threatens to become as great a bore as sociology. That depends upon the kind of comparative literature. To understand the relationship between Goethe and Sterne, between Plutarch and Shakespeare, between Theocritus and Tennyson, is to become more intelligently acquainted with these authors; on the other hand, there are enthusiasts who, in attempting to show the influence of Plato on the President's messages, bring the whole subject into disrepute.

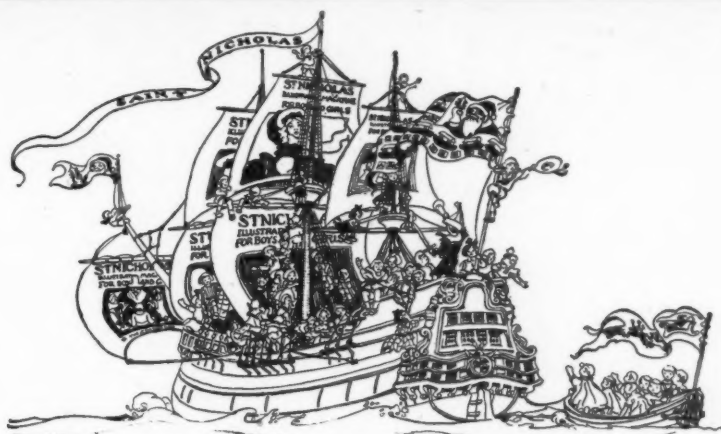
There is, however, another sort of comparative literature to which we like to turn in our tired moments. It is put up in little packages labeled "The World's Masterpieces"; nothing is lacking but a megaphone "announcer" to persuade us fully that we are "seeing the classics." Romping in a quiet hour through Addison and Æschylus, and pausing only for breath when the "A's" are completed with Jane Austen, we feel that we are living up to the injunction of a celebrated critic, that a student of literature "ought not to attempt to take one book and isolate it from its fellows."

A special merit of such anthologies is the alphabetical arrangement. By a fortuitous concurrence of authors, Charles De Kay, inserted between slices of De Foe and Demosthenes, makes a delicious literary sandwich. It is no mere felicitous coincidence that offers us George Ade preparatory to a perusal of Æsop. Lowell paves the way for Mabie, whose polite style palliates the somewhat over-robust Macaulay. "Dooley" Dunne leads us by easy stages to the philosophy of Emerson and Epictetus. After sampling Rochefoucauld "On Conversation," and noting what he says of "an eloquent silence," we pass on to the writings of Theodore Roosevelt. It is a literary *pousse café*, in which one flavor, with its accompanying sensation, succeeds another. Above all, it affords the striving author of to-day a propinquity to the immortals that he could scarcely hope to attain by any other process of exploitation. Some day, by the exercise of diligence and kindred qualities essential to a lasting reputation, we hope to occupy a place a little below Charles Lamb.

W. T. L.

THE chosen victim of vivisection is undoubtedly the dog.—*The Abolitionist*.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE has become almost a necessity to me.—Mrs. H. E. Sadler, Sedan, Kansas.



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